THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1806. N°. 33.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.
FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE SPY.

No. I.—SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1806.

See in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd, his motly features. Wait awhile
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper orders your promiscuous throng. AKENSIDE.

THE word Spy, has generally an invidious acceptation: It is branded with the loathsome characters of ill-nature and envy. Before I commence therefore any essays under a title so suspicious, I will endeavour to prepossess my readers with more favourable opinions, by some preliminary remarks upon the nature of the task I have alloted to myself. I look with no jaundiced eye upon the busy scene around me. I would rather be merry than sad; take things easy than in a splenetick manner, for I happen to think with that laughing and wise heathen Democritus, that there are more things performing daily on the busy theatre of this world to excite our risibility, than our spleen.

A poet, whose works are not generally read, but whose sagacity and merit are great; has in a few lines given us some considerable insight, into the means of spying with considerable effect as to happiness.

Happy the man who innocent
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Nor puffing pull'd against the tide.
He padling by the scuffling crowd
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

This ingenious and truly philosophick author understood the art of killing the *day-mare* spleen pefectly well: he was master of that alchymy of mind, which turns every thing into pleasure: and as men on land see storms at sea, could behold with the same conscious security and placid content the human storms of passion and the uproar of iniquity every where conspicuous around him.—"To mend the world's a vast design," and as we have not the power given us to prevent and cannot be accountable, there is no occasion to suffer the torments of needless alarm or useless regret.

As folly and vice have many variegated dresses and appear to us heterogeneously, so in my mode of spying will no method be followed in an arrangement. Just as they appear to our daily observation will they be noticed and occasionally commented upon. Ludicrous as well as melancholy objects can never fail us unless the general doom of man is to be reversed. We have only to cast our eyes around, and perceive examples from an emperor down to the humble performer at a card-table. We smile when we behold a Cæsar trampling upon the necks and destinies of millions trembling at his frown, exhilarated by his smiles; sheepish and humiliated: and contrast their pitiful appearance, with that of ferocious and determined advocates of equality, to gain the sweets of which, every horror and outrage that ever disgraced humanity were committed.

We cannot help smiling to see the terrors and destroyers of monarchs seized with a mania of adding more to the number of crowned sovereigns.

We laugh at the whole system of warfare by which such numbers appear in a kind of livery to obey the order of their masters in murdering each other: who all the while are unconscious of offence or enmity, and as ignorant of the cause of their bloody actions, as the man in the moon.

What are more entertaining than political or elec-

tioneering squabbles by which poor sober, quiet, inoffensive citizens, who would otherwise be very good friends, are put into an absolute ferment to gratify the private views of some interested demagogue, who keeps them in hot water that he may rise to the top, like the disengaged air in bubbles? Nothing is more curious to the sagacious Spy than scenes like these. We contrast the demagogue's professions of reverence for his sovereigns (whom in a few days he does not know) with the silliness of the poor short-sighted dupes, who though the dust has just been thrown into their eyes, think they see farther than ever.

Equally amusing is it, to see such friends of humanity as Paine and Godwin, setting quietly in their closets and weaving their fine spun webs which being given to their suffering friends to unravel entangle them in such a manner, as to render their appearance perfectly ridiculous.—But to depart from these more extensive objects, let us look abroad through the streets and along the highways, into churches and assemblies, and pity it is, we are not blessed with the scrutinizing powers of an Asmodeus: then indeed we might spy into things that would afford infinite matter for speculation and mirth. As it is, however, we are amused with the appearance of that adorable part of the creation who perambulate the streets and shew us the most beatiful forms in the world—who discover to the lawless eye of the passenger every thing but the whiteness of the skin. We laugh at the egregious mistake of these unabashed damsels—we cannot help smiling to see that whilst they gain many gazers they do not secure one real admirer, and that while they are bewildered by the vagaries of youthful fashion and conceits, they never dream they are alienating the true lover and husband.

Let us follow their mothers and married associates into the evening party. Good God! what a spectacle! In the gay assemblage of fashion, we behold more gravity than we perceive in our churches. The mysteries of loo are performing: mark the composed sedateness of that one's face; see the flush of joy upon that of another; behold the one opposite biting her lips; her neighbour is in a downright rage and slams the cards upon the table.——Heavens! what is all this about? Is not this a party of pleasure? Yes! and so it is for you and me; knowing the dignity of human nature, and conscious that it is exposed to severe trials, we cannot withhold a smile at finding that all this agitation is occasioned by the magic touch of three pieces of pasteboard. What is there in an evening party to make these same ladies grave, or in the solemnities of a church to make them gay? and yet it need be no very acute spy to perceive the reality of the fact.

When we behold the supercilious and consequential deportment of those who having suddenly acquired riches have not so speedily stored the head and the heart, with those essential requisites for retirement from the labour of business or for realizing that esteem and genuine respect which money can never give, we are highly entertained at their disappointment in discovering that wealth alone does not bestow every thing desirable; and at their continued exertions to amass more, for such thoughtless heirs as Boileau describes—In short, let me stop here for the present.

> Cetera de genere hoc (adeò sunt multa) loquacem
> Delassere valent Fabium.

My readers may by this time form some idea of a part of my vocation—but far be it from them to suppose that I can confine my remarks and observations to mere flesh and blood. Whilst I am thus engaged in looking at the busy crowd which surrounds me, I trust I may occasionally have it in my power to indulge my thoughts upon those literary topics, which are of the more elegant though superficial kind, and frankly communicate my opinion, upon works of taste, and endeavour to disclose those beauties or deformities to others, which have particularly attracted my attention. I may also occasionally try to shew virtue or vice in the abstract, and trust to my imagination alone for the models.

In doing these things, I may perhaps often serve my friend Easy, by procuring for his paper, remarks and opinions contrary to my own; at all events that elision may take place, which can never do harm and may do service in controversies of a literary nature and as applicable to taste.

That I may prove to my readers how harmless my plan will be, I will conclude in the language of one

> " Who most invectively pierced thro'
> " The body of the country, city, court."
> " Why who cries out on pride
> That can therein tax any private party?
> Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea
> 'Till that the very means do ebb?
> What woman in the city do I name
> When that I say, the city woman bears
> The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
> Who can come in and say, that I mean her,
> When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
> Or what is he of basest function,
> That says his bravery is not on my cost;
> (Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
> His folly, to the metal of my speech?
> There then: how then? let me see wherein
> My tongue hath wronged him: If it do him right,
> Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,
> Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose flies
> Unclaim'd of any man."

FOR THE COMPANION.

Music, poetry and painting, have been justly stiled the sister arts. They are the offspring of imagination, and are distinguished by the same heavenly proportion of features. But though intimately connected, it is a mistake to suppose them equally valuable, or that the same talents, are necessary, to excel in each.

The powers of music, have in every age, been the favourite topic of celebration; yet it cannot be denied, that in several instances, they have been more than duly appreciated. Imagination has diffused her richest colouring, over a theme, already beautified by poetry and fiction, and yielding to the raptures of genius, we have placed her far above that station among the fine arts, which reason and impartiality assign her. We have been told by an elegant writer, that her influence, reaches from earth to heaven; that the same sounds, which vibrate an inanimate body, and charm the senses of a brute, can delight the rapt Seraph "who adores and burns." Those who are conversant in French literature know, with what unlimited freedom the Abbé Bateaux and others have discoursed concerning its imitative powers, and indeed, throughout all works of eminence on this subject, is to be found that high strain of panegyric, which is unfavourable to just, and accurate disquisition. The fervor of genius, not less than the supineness of ignorance, are inimical to truth; she must be approached with the steady dispassionate step of the philosopher, and examined in his spirit, the claims of music, appear in their just, and natural proportions.

Whether our music does indeed reach as high as angels' ears, it is impossible for us to say, and its effects, however wonderful, on inanimate bodies, are easily accounted for, upon the principles of mechanical philosophy.

If musical sounds possess a more extensive influence, than the words of the poet, or the colours of the painter, they are of all things, the least permanent; their effects are no sooner felt than gone; like the visions of a dream, or the transient corruscations of the midnight meteor. It may be affirmed too, that to excel in music, requires not those high intellectual powers, which are characteristic of genius. No combination of thought, no bright creation of the fancy are here necessary—nay, music has reckoned amongst the number of its proficients, some of the weakest of our species in those respects; because the ear of a child, of an ideot, or an illiterate person, may be as exquistely formed, as that of the most enlarged, and cultivated genius.

But the poet and the painter, stand more intimately allied; the same ideas of beauty, the same vigour of conception, the same compass of knowledge, are necessary to both. To catch those graceful, but varying attitudes of nature, which charm the eye of fancy, is the province of the poet and the painter. It is this, which bestows a species of enchantment upon his piece, and makes it surpass in life and beauty the original of nature. Costume, in its most dignified and enlarged acceptation, embraces an acquaintance, with the arts, habits, manners and customs of nations, remote from each other. Hence are derived those characterestic traits, those picturesque, and visual ideas, which give interest to description, and locality to representation. Between the arts of poetry and painting, and some of the most dignified branches of human science, there exists so close a connexion, that some of the most eminent artists in each, have stood conspicuous in the deepest researches of genius. Leonardi Da Vinci, was accomplished in every art and science; Salvator Rosa excelled as a poet, and Raphael and Michael Angelo as architects. Milton was the most profound and extensive scholar of his time; Spencer was a poet, and Chaucer is exalted, as the most learned, of all his cotemporary countrymen.

But poetry, opens a more arduous and unbounded walk for the mind than painting—a more rigorous and incessant application of thought is required by the one than the other. The reward of the poet therefore, is in proportion, to the arduousness of his task—his works soon become universally diffused, and he enjoys even on earth, the prospect of immortality. When his body mingles with the dust, the bright transcript of his mind remains, and shall be honoured and preserved, till the remotest period of time—the language of the painter is read by every eye, and understood by every heart, but it is expressed in frail, and perishable materials. The master pieces of Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Apelles, have long since faded, and were it not for the engraver, Michael Angelo and Raphel, would be little more to us, than illustrious names. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

The cultivation of style, keeps pace with the progress of knowledge and refinement. In proportion as men, feel with delicacy and think with accuracy, there will be a corresponding force and beauty in their expressions. A history therefore of style, is in some measure, an account of the human mind, in its various stages of improvement, and hence the investigations of the philologist, become

useful aids to the researches of the historian, and the speculations of the moralist.

Of all the dialects of Europe, none have travelled through so many changes, or so long fluctuated from any certain standard as the English. The Italian remains nearly stationary, where Petrarch and Boccacio left it; and since a remote period, the languages of Spain and France, have added little either to the copiousness of their expressions, or the beauty and variety of their modulations. But in England, the writers of a few years back, are almost as unintelligible as those in a foreign idiom; and the wit of their poets, and the wisdom of their philosophers, is obscured by a cloud of harsh and antique phraseology.

This is in part owing to the rapid progress of letters in England. Its first scholars, more solicitous about the matter, than the expression of their thought, bestowed little in the refining of their language, and mixing it, rude as it was, with the idiom of the Latin, they gave it an unwieldiness of structure, and rendered it incapable of precision and grace. Some partial attempts were made towards a reform, but yet the general style was disqualified, either for profound or elegant disquisition.

But the first race of geniuses passed away, a more beautiful form of writing, arose with Mr. Addison and his contemporaries. To this gentleman are due, the honours of having first erected a standard of classical purity in our language. His pieces are the summit of fine writing, and to this day, are the most perfect models of chaste, and elegant composition. He disentangled the English language, from its embrace with the Latin, gave it a simplicity of structure and diffused over it the charms of a light, and captivating fancy.

With the exertions of Mr. Addison, co-operated those of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. Lord Shaftesbury is eminently elaborate. His periods have much delicacy and beauty, but are deficient in simplicity and ease. The style of lord Bolingbroke, has many and superlative beauties. It is rich, splendid and sonorous, and though copious to a fault, he has the ease of Addison, with more precision and strength. It would be endless, and without the design of this essay, to enumerate the various imitations & copies of the Addisonian manner. They are all casts of the same mould and distinguished from each other by such minute shades, as render the enumeration unnecessary. We have in view, those bold and conspicuous alterations, which are sufficient to constitute in themselves an æra in the history of language: We shall therefore pass to the time of Dr. Johnson, the elegance of whose writings, has of late years, been the unceasing theme of panegyric.

In compass of expression and correctness of diction, Johnson first displayed the powers of our language. The vigour of his understanding, and the nobleness and richness of his imagination, enabled him to give it that lustre and compression, which it had wanted under his predecessors. He has added much to the cadence and harmony of our sentences; has given them compactness and strength; and has enabled us in some degree, to imitate that transpositive quality in the languages of Greece and Rome, so favourable to the beauty and vigour of expression. Amongst the imitators of this great man, sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke, undoubtedly occupy the foremost station. Mr. Burke has united in his works, the most valuable qualities of style; if I may be allowed an illustration from statuary, he has at once the ease and gracefulness of the Apollo, with the strength and majesty of the Hercules.

But yet, with all its excellencies, it may be justly questioned, whether the style of Dr. Johnson, should be held up as a model of imitation. Of all the writings in the English language, none have perhaps led to greater faults in style or been more dangerous to the herd of imitators than his. The majestic stateliness of his periods, and the splendour of his phraseology, have been employed on subjects of a trifling, and unimportant nature, and his comprest diction, lost in the wide spread diffusion, of empty declamation.

Johnson's style is concise, accurate and beautiful, because his views were profound, his learning extensive, and his imagination towering, and prolific. He, then, who would follow the steps of this colossal genius, must first possess his far darting might of mind, which like the radiance of Hyperian, penetrated and emblazoned every object within its reach. A.

NO. 2.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Some days after my first visit to the theatre, meeting with an article in a literary journal, which spoke in a very favourable manner of one of the company of actors at present in this city, I resolved to visit it again. I had been so little gratified with my first trial, that nothing less than the observations in the 30th number of the Companion could have induced me to risk a second; however, being persuaded, that it is ignorance and self-sufficiency alone, which ever accompany each other, that can at once

decide upon every thing, without at all doubting their own judgments; I resolved to go again, on Saturday to the play with the intention of correcting, if I saw occasion, the sentiments with which it had at first inspired me.

On entering, I beheld it with a more favourable eye: in the first place, because habit reconciles every thing, and still further, because I knew that Coriolanus, was to be performed for the benefit of an esteemed actor, and on this account I was pleased to see the house well filled.

I shall say no more of the theatre, nor of the spectators, although I saw a gentleman who was beside me with a great deal of sangfroid almost throw down a lady, in seizing her arm, as he was endeavouring to regain his place. She recovered herself as well as she could, whilst the polite amateur took not the smallest notice, of the inconceivable rudeness of which he had been guilty.

Coriolanus was performed, but I declare on the faith of a Sylph, the piece was half over, before I discovered, that it was not intended as a burlesque.

I had often heard that Shakespeare united with the most exquisite beauties of imagination and the loftiest flights of genius, the most unwarrantable inconsistencies, and the grossest absurdities. I can speak only of the pantomime of the piece, since, as has been already observed, I could not judge of the language; but this was enough for me.

What! is tragedy the noblest production of human genius; does the superb Melpomene descend upon the wings of Pegasus, announced by the sounding trumpet, and bearing in her hands, sceptres and crowns, and the dreadful poignard, the awful emblems of tragedy; and can we behold without disgust, the train of this divinity, composed of all that the lowest farce, has of most contemptible and loathsome. What! Does it in order to write tragedy, require the most vigorous and elevated genius; must an actor to do justice to his characters, unite superiority of soul with a noble figure, close study and a perfect knowledge of antiquity; and can all this be exacted to introduce upon the stage a Coriolanus surrounded by buffoons. Can we see, and not be disgusted, the august Volumnia, mother of the warrior, at whose name the Romans trembled, and who was always accompanied by those ladies, who might, according to the idea of Cyneas, be viewed "as an assemblage of queens," attended by despicable *Sans Culottes*, recalling with horror to the recollection, the Septembrizers of France. What! before an audience who well know the dignity that was attached to a Roman citizen—can we behold, without pity, these masters of the world, deliberating in the forum upon affairs of state, dressed like coblers and shoe blacks; against all the laws of costume, and wearing like the famous Jeannot of the Boulevards of Paris, a queue knotted with red ribbon. Can we see, without disapprobation, a Roman senator, bearing a part in the most important deliberations, playing the antic tricks of a harlequin, even in the presence of the mother of Coriolanus, in presence of the wives of the senators, and the most illustrious Romans? Could we see this buffoon, throw his hat up in the air and make the most respectable of Roman matrons, burst into a laugh, at the very moment in which she comes to save her country or stab herself at the feet of her own son!

If such monstrous faults can escape criticism, so much the worse for those, whom they do not inspire with disgust: but if they should be approved—ah! what opinion are we to form of those who approve them. However, these observations apply less to the actors, than to the piece, to the public, and to the depraved taste, that can suffer them to tolerate such incongruities.

The actor who performed the part of Coriolanus, has genius, and an expression of countenance well suited to tragedy. I will venture however to affirm, that he cannot be sufficiently upon his guard, against too much quickness of motion. It is insufferable to see the chief of a party, a general, a man of importance, a patrician, stamp the floor with his foot in speaking, as a soldier would do in an ale house, or make a noise upon the stage like that which a fencing master makes in his school. As this performer really has merit, and is without doubt fond of his profession, one may be permitted, to offer him some observations, to which he will know how to do justice; because a diffidence in one's self and a readiness to profit by instruction, are ever the true characteristics of merit.

The white Toga, that he wore during one act, is not Roman but Gallic. The costume and what we call picturesque arrangement, diffuses over the stage a charm too great to be neglected. And indeed can we see without smiling, Moses and Cæsar, wearing immense powdered wigs, or Washington dressed like an Indian? The art of a great tragedian, should extend to knowing how to attire himself with dignity, and to dispose even the folds of his cloak in an agreeable and picturesque manner.

We might expect too of Coriolanus, who lived five hundred years before the christian æra, that he would not wear at his side, an American militia sabre, but that he should have a Roman sword without a hilt, and worn

perpendicularly, as all the monuments of antiquity, shew that it should be.

I observe once more that the severe laws of tragedy will not tolerate the levity of air and gay trifling which is perfectly proper in comedy—for comedy is but a portrait of common life—whilst tragedy is an exaggerrated picture of the loftiest heroism. To unite in one piece compositions of such opposite qualities, is an absurdity, as well as an incontestible proof, of the absence of all taste.

The actress who performed the part of Volumnia, was by no means dressed in the ancient manner; her apparel was heavy and disposed without taste. Antiquity is only sublime in literature, in sculpture and in architecture, because of the simplicity which distinguishes it. To heap on ornaments is a proof of barbarism.

The actress too, of whom I have just spoken, has also the defect of stamping the ground with her foot, like a master of arms, which is still more unbecoming in an illustrious Roman, than any other personage.

The son of Coriolanus, who was led to the camp of the Volscians, dressed in a black coat, jacket, stockings, &c. was too ridiculous.

The lictors bearing halberds of ten or twelve feet high, instead of a bundle of rods and a hatchet, was another inconsistency.

The Roman eagle, which served as an ensign to their legions, was of gold or silver, resting upon a little pedestal, of the same metal, and placed on the top of a pike.—This eagle was of the size of a pigeon, but that which I saw borne in the procession of Coriolanus, was as large as a mammoth, and would have tired an elephant; which was curious enough in an ensign that should be perfectly portable.

I observed with pleasure an actor who played the general of the Volscians: he filled the part with judgment, and like a man who understands the drama.

Between the acts, the orchestra played several very fine pieces, which would have been applauded in Europe;—but no attention whatever was paid to them; which induced me to suppose there were not many musicians amongst the spectators, although in winging my flights about the country, I have seen pianos in almost every house; it is true indeed I have often heard them played on in such a manner, that they might very easily be taken for Jews' harps.

After the tragedy, an overture was played, and was very well executed in the spirit of the subject. It was followed by a comic opera. Presently I heard a croaking sound, that appeared to issue from the throat of an old woman, who looked as if she thought she was singing.—Happily I perceived a *Sylph*; I precipitately flew towards him, and that we might converse at our ease on all we had seen, we left the theatre together. The last reflection that occurred to me as I quitted the house, whilst the clapping of hands announced the approbation with which the wretched voice of which I have just spoken had been heard, was, that far from suffering ourselves to be puffed up and spoiled by acclamation of applauses, every man of sense, ought to consider them well; and ask himself, as did the sage Greek of old, "have I then been talking nonsense."

M. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Observations on the Memoirs of the late Duke de Biron, published in the 31st number of the Companion.

The biographical account of the last Duke of Biron, requires some observations, both with regard to the character of this nobleman, and that of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, of whom he has given occasion to speak. Every thing that is said in this extract of the personal beauty of M. de Lauzun, afterwards Duke of Biron; of the elegance of his manners: his taste for the arts; his wit, and his military talents, all this is perfectly correct.

But in speaking of the Friendship that existed between him and the Queen, of the partiality with which she regarded him—the heart of M. de Lauzun is undoubtedly arraigned; since as commander of the soldiers of Marat and Robespierre, against the royalists of La Vendée he carried arms against those, who fought to save this Queen, who had honoured him with her favours, from the horrors of the scaffold, and he thus assured as far as depended on him, the triumph of the murderers of his illustrious friend.

The memoir observes that he was vain, and that he was the friend of the duke of Orleans; it was this vanity and this fatal connection, that led him to the precipice, where he lost, his honour and his life. Happily for this hemisphere, it is little acquainted with the springs of the French revolution, and therefore it is most likely unknown, that the intimacy of M. de Lauzun, with the duke of Orleans, had rendered him justly suspected at the court of France.

At the very moment that the old and respectable Marshal Biron, his uncle, terminated his honourable career; the marshal being colonel general of the French guards, M. de Lauzun, heir of his title, and aspiring to succeed him in this important post, became a still more violent *Orleanist*, because the court appointed the duke of

hatelet to the command of this important corps, his fidelby being considered, rather than his talents.

It is thus that M. de Lauzun was first a Royalist; then n Orleanist, and at last, general of the Sans Culottes of 793, against the deplorable Vendée!

He was a soldier it is true, but bravery alone could not uffice, against the enthusiasm of the Vendeans—the conention had given orders that every one that breathed hould be put to the sword, and that even to the forests, hould be reduced to ashes. It was impossible that a Bion, should strictly fulfil such orders: horror and remorse ade him hesitate. He was denounced as a traitor, beause he was not yet sufficiently debased; aud he mounted the scaffold with a crowd of victims that he had just een pursuing sword in hand.

With regard to the Queen, a thousand reports have risen, to sully her fame most unjustly. And yet no one upportable charge, no proof, no testimony appeared to ustify these atrocious calumnies, when this princess was ft alone, with no support but her innocence and her digity, before the infernal tribunal of Robespierre, *and where roofs cost nothing.*

A thousand fools have been found to echo the calumniors of this august princess; to echo the scandalous tales orthy of the taverns where they were invented and the *Laquais* that alone could have conceived them—and when er own evidence was solemnly taken in presence of the ribunal of Chatelet, upon the affair so well known of 5th, h, and 8th, 1789 (when she only had time to jump from er bed almost naked to escape being murdered) she repli- to the attorney general in these memorable words, I have all known, all seen, but all forgotten."

From these few observations it may be judged, to what degree *malice* has vilified the character and blackened the eputation of this unhappy princess, as well as how far M. e Lauzun was a loyal Knight. M. A.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to learn that Joel Barlow, the celebrated uthor of several patriotic poems, has another work in the ress at Philadelphia. Whatever may be said of the polical opinions of this writer, it is a pleasing reflection that is genius is still blooming and that in old age he yet reains the vigour of youth.

Several of our young Americans have recently evined that precocity of intellect is not confined to the European world and that ours is not the country

——Where genius sickens, and where fancy dies.

The publication of "Foscare" at Charleston S. C. has justified the applause which it received on the stage, and we hope it will stimulate its youthful author, Mr. White, to future exertion.

We hope the ingenious young author of "The Fox Chace" will not confine so rare an amusement to the gentry of the green room.

Messrs. M. and I. Conrad have just published the first part of the first volume of Dr. Rees' New Cyclopedia. This is the most valuable and extensive literary work which has been undertaken in America; and as great labour and expense must be incident to its completion we ardently wish them every aid which science can contribute and every reward which wealth can bestow. It is the intention of the publishers to enlarge the English volumes by the addition of much important information respecting our own country, which has been neglected in the original edition. For this purpose they have spared no expense in procuring the assistance of our most eminent literary characters.

Messrs. I. Riley and Co. of New-York have recently published the first volume of a new translation from the Italian of the celebrated treatise of Azuni, which has been executed with great elegance and fidelity by a gentleman of that city. sy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We welcome most cordially, the communication of our new friend, the Spy. We flatter ourselves with the hope of hearing from him frequently.

To Sy we are infinitely indebted for the useful and agreeable information he has enabled us to present to our readers.

Our charming Sylph, we hope will not desert us.

Our Miscellany of to-day is entirely composed of original matter: A few steady correspondents such as have made our pages rich this week, would indeed make the Companion a morceau to be relished by the choicest spirits. And yet, in much that we had flattered ourselves with the hope of presenting to our readers we have been disappointed. One friend promised to supply us with a regular series of natural history—another with anecdotes of the American revolution and the biography of some of its heroes. From neither of them have we heard—a little time, however, we trust will supply all our deficiencies.

We have received the Orations of a juvenile orator, and shall with much pleasure give them insertion.

Clio is received, and is under consideration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SUMMER NOON.

Come Ellen let us to the bow'r,
And waste away the sultry hour ;
To cooler coverts let us fly ;
I faint beneath this burning sky :
And see, all nature round betrays
The fierceness of the noon-tide blaze ;
And in the wood, and shady stream
Seek refuge from the fervid beam ;
Ev'n all enduring man complains,
And panting, leaves the arid plains.
Oh for the breeze of early morn !
When, Ellen waken'd by my horn,
You rose to meet me in the grove,
To talk of happiness and love.
Then, Ellen, 'twas delight indeed,
To quit the forest for the mead ;
To breathe the freshness of the dawn,
And scent the flowers along the lawn ;
While ev'ry warbler strain'd his throat,
And joyous pour'd his little note ;
And flocks their heated folds forsook,
To bathe them in the gelid brook.
Now shelter'd here, let sleep awhile,
The day's oppressive hours beguile :
This verdant turf shall be thy bed ;
This arm a pillow for thy head :
And while you thus in slumber lie,
I'll watch you with a lover's eye,
To guard you safe from ev'ry harm,
And banish from you all alarm ;
And should your anxious eyes unclose,
Again I'll fan you to repose. JULIUS.

WRITTEN AFTER A RETURN FROM TRIPOLI.

Where yonder streamlet softly flows,
And daffodill's their sweets disclose,
A little modest cot once rose,
And there dwelt lovely Fanny :

So bright a nymph scarce e'er was seen—
The village hail'd her as its queen ;
And every night upon the green,
The dance was made for Fanny.

Long while I lov'd the gentle maid,
And often to her cottage stray'd,
Yet somehow, always felt afraid,
And blush'd at sight of Fanny :—

At length, 'twas on the first of May,
O ! I shall ne'er forget the day,
My faultering tongue first dar'd to say,
I love thee, charming Fanny !

A mutual flame she soon confess'd,
The day was fix'd to make us bless'd,
But envious fate the bliss suppress'd,
And tore me from my Fanny.

My country call'd—how hard my doom !—
I left a quiet, peaceful home,
For many a cheerless day to roam,
Far, far from love and Fanny !

For twelve long months of toil and pain,
We roam'd the vast and trackless main ;
And though 'twas folly to complain,
Still, still I sigh'd for Fanny.

Sweet peace, at length, recall'd once more,
Each wand'rer to his native shore,
Where soon my dream of joy was o'er,
For death had stol'n my Fanny !

Oh hide ye flow'rets, hide your glow,
And thou, sweet streamlet! cease to flow,
While on thy banks I tell my woe,
And mourn with me for Fanny.

FREDERICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

Of the Abbé Chaulieu, for the Companion.

An am'rous but unhappy swain,
To blooming Iris told his love,
His flocks were wand'ring o'er the plain
And nothing could her passion move.
While thus to deep despair a prey,
Forego those sighs, exclaim'd the fair,
The wolf has borne a lamb away,
Thy scatter'd flock demands thy care.
Alas ! since I have sigh'd for thee,
A far more cruel loss is mine ;
My ravish'd heart is gone from me,
Complain I dare not, or repine. JACQUES.

Rapid founts, that murmuring flow,
From where yon reeds in clusters grow,
Haste your winding course to run
And far outstrip the rapid sun,
Ere the evening bathes in dew,
The varying clouds of rosy hue.
Speed ye to my anxious love
And bring her to the lonely grove ;
Tell her here the lily blows,
Here the soft narcissus grows ;
Here the fluttering zephyrs play
And chase away the heats of day.
Haste ! away—my souls on fire—
And bring me all my heart's desire. FLORUS.

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS,
BY COLE & HEWES 4 N. CHARLES-STREET.